

sweet babe like a lamb departed this life, on Feb. 18. 1675. it being about six years and five months old. It was nine days from the first wounding, in this miserable condition, without any refreshing of one nature or other, except a little cold water. I cannot but take notice how at another time I could not bear to be in the room where any dead person was, but now the case is changed; I must, and could lie down by my dead babe all the night after. I have thought since of the wonderful goodness of God to me, in preserving me so in the use of my reason and senses, in that distressed time, that I did not use wicked and violent means to end my own miserable life. In the morning, when they understood that my child was dead, they sent for me home to my masters wigwam: (By my master in this writing, must be understood *Qunnaopin*, who was a sagamore, and married K. Philip's wives sister; not that he first took me, but I was sold to him by a Narraganset Indian, who took me when I first came out of the garrison) I went to take up my dead child in my arms to carry it with me, but they bid me let it alone: There was no resisting, but go I must and leave it. When I had been a while at my masters wigwam, I took the first opportunity I could get, to go look after my dead child: When I came, I asked them what they had done with it? they told me